Armes, armes, ſword, fire, corruption in the place,
False Iuſticer, why haſt thou let her ſcape?
Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.
Kent. O pitty ſir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine.
Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-hart*, ſee they barke at me.
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs.
Be thy mouth, or blacke or white, tooth that poiſons if it bite,
Maſtiue, Gray-hound, Mungrel, Grim-hound, or Spaniell, Brach
or Him, Bobtaile tike, or Trundle-taile, *Tom* will make them
weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape
the hatch, and all are fled, loudla doodla, come march to wakes,
and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.
Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, ſee what breeds about
her,
Hart is there any cauſe in nature that makes this hardneſſe;
You ſir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Onely I do not like the faſhion of your garment; you'l ſay
They are Perſian attire, but let them be changed.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here a while.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines, ſo,
ſo, ſo, wee'l go to ſupper in the morning, ſo, ſo, ſo.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maſter?
Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Gloſt. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a Litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards *Douer*,
friend,
Where thou ſhalt meete both welcome and protection; take vp
thy maſter,
If thou ſhouldſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, ſtand in aſſured loſſe,

Take

Take vp to keepe, and follow me
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepe
This reſt might yet haue balmed
Which if conuenience will not a
Come helpe to beare thy Maſter
Gloſt. Come, come, away.
Edg. When we our betters ſe
We ſcarſely thinke our miſeries
Who alone ſuffers, moſt i'th mi
Leauing free things and happy
But then the minde much ſuffer
When griefe hath mates, and be
How light and portable my pa
When that which makes me be
He childed as I fatherd, *Tom* a
Marke the high noiſes, and thy
When falſe opinion, whoſe wr
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and r
What will hap more to night, ſ
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan,

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my
Letter,
The army of *France* is landed,
Regan, Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.
Corn. Leaue him to my diſp
ſter company. The reuenge w
terous father, are not fit for
where you are going to a m
bound to the like.
Our poſte ſhall be ſwift and i
Farwell deare ſiſter, farwell n
How now, wheres the King?

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